PS 2044
.H 465

PS 2044
.H465

FIRST AT THE TOMB;

AN EASTER POEM.

BY

ALICE H. HUSTON.

6284

D. W. GLASS & CO.,

BALTIMORE.

PS2044
.H465

"And He saith unto her, Mary,--and she turning saith unto Him 'Rabboni' which being interpreted is Master."

Before the vocal silence of the tomb,
Framed in the early gloom,
She standeth, weeping;
Downdrooping face of night
On which the lazy light
Grieved is peeping.

Dewy from eyes of four fold clouded night
Raineth the teardrops bright,
Borne of her anguish;
Frighted by her dismay
Softer the breezes play,--
Ripple and languish.

Black on the quivering roses of her lips
Falleth her hopes eclipse,;;
Standeth she lonely;
Friendly her sombre hair
Screeneth her brows despair,
And screeneth only.

"O ever shining sun, quiver through night,
Prison me in thy light,--
Pity my woe;
Love infinitely great
Behold my needy state
Who loved thee so:"

"Mary,"--a face down drooped on her distress
In saving tenderness;
And low attractive chord;
Then th' upraised eyes elate,
And face illuminate,--
"Rabboni,--Lord."

"With thunderous roar and diapason strong,
Join, angels, in the song,
Till gates of amethyst
Retoss the adoring strain;--
Come, agony and pain,
That finds the Christ."

O sun who in the Publican's great hall
Clearly didst burst and fall
On Mary's shamed grace,--
And when in grieved gloom
She sought thy abandoned tomb,
Didst show thy face,--

Thou who once dreary, now refulgent gleam,
And move supreme
Mid winged ranks of song,--
Behold the night is long,
Stoop to us through the dark,
That gladdened we may hark,
And cry to thee by spheric worlds adored
In psalm continual and sweet accord
"Rabboni,--Lord."

COPYRIGHTED 1888,
BY D. W. GLASS & CO.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 762 323 0